

CERN Noodles

The CERN sat like a bowl of rainbow noodles,
big to small things
and small to big.

Like wigs worn by neutron stars,
spinning in silver velvet and wondering how the syrup
from ekpyrotic brane would treat their approach.

If they made one.

The CERN became magnified like the tiny lens that kids build,
on streets in front of houses where noodles
are really cooked.

Visible were candy atoms and tetraquark bouquets,
men and women in crispy white coats and disco lights
scooping Higgs bits with star-crossing wavelength, while
coffee boils but doesn't boil at all while mini-finite
rays from J0313–1806 beg for attention among Peet's Major Dickason,
the infamous liquid from carved evolutionary carbon
and a drop of honey.

Pushing outward from CERN (again) the neutrino sector sits
like a flute solo, there in the valleys near France...
but quite Swiss, of course,
and the chocolate superb.

Time for bed, I reckon.